



SRI AUROBINDO

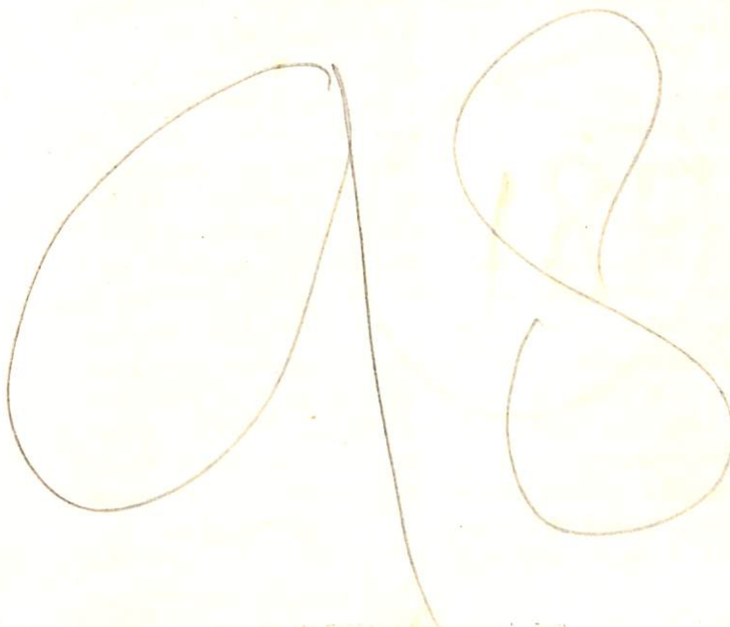
LAST POEMS

Rs. 6/-



SRI AUROBINDO

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SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The forty-eight poems included in this collection consisting mainly of sonnets, are among the last written by the Master. He intended to give them all a final revision, but only a few were actually so done. One or two irregularities of rhyming may be noticed, but whether they were purposely meant to be like that or kept only provisionally, it is not possible to say. In several cases, where it seemed necessary, earlier versions have been drawn upon for textual collation and the fixing of dates. Where two dates are given for the same poem, the earlier refers to the date of composition and the other to that of revision.

The poems are arranged in chronological order and their facsimile reproductions given on parallel pages. There are, at places, discrepancies between the facsimile and the printed text. That is because there exist, in view of changes and corrections made from time to time, several versions of most of these poems and for the printed text the choice was determined by the one which was the most complete and seemed to be the last or final, whereas for the facsimile the needs of photography had to be taken into account, the need of selecting the most suitable one for representation.

Except for a few poems which appeared in the quarterly *Advent*, they are now published for the first time.

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CONTENTS

LAST POEMS

The Divine Hearing

(1)

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:
  Music and thunder and the cry of birds,
Life's babble of her sorrows and her joys,
  Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
  The winged plane purring through the conquered air,
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
  The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the wind's horn of Space:
  A call of distance and of mystery,
Memories of sunbright lands and ocean ways,—
  All now are undertones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals through the blind heart
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

Oct 24. 1937

The Divine Hearing

ALL sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:
Music and thunder and the cry of birds,
Life's babble[1] of her sorrows and her joys,
Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
The winged plane purring through the conquered[2] air,
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the windy horn of Space
A call of distance and of mystery,
Memories of sun-bright[3] lands and ocean-ways,—
All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals[4] through the blind heart
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

24.10.1937

[1] babbling
[2] silent
[3] sun-lit
[4] smites

The Indwelling Universal

I contain the whole world in my soul's embrace:
In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.
To whatsoever living form I turn
I see my own body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.
The world's happiness flows through me like wine,
Its million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only waves that pass
Upon my surface; inly for ever still,
Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible;
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic wheel;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

1938. July

The Indwelling Universal

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    In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.
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I see my own body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;
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    Upon my surface; inly for ever still,
    Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

15.7.1938

Electron

The electron on which forms and worlds are built,
Leaped into being a particle of God.
A spark from the eternal Energy spilt,
It is the Infinite's blind minute abode.

In that small flaming chariot Shiva rides.
The One devised innumerably to be;
His oneness in invisible forms he hides,
Time's tiny temples of eternity.

Atom and molecule in their unseen plan
Buttress an edifice of strange onenesses,
Crystal and plant, insect and beast and man, —
Man on whom the World-Unity shall seize,

Widening his soul-spark to an epiphany
Of the timeless vastness of Infinity.

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Of the timeless vastness of Infinity.

15.7.1938

[1] to

The Hidden Plan

However long Night's hour, I will not dream
That the small ego and the person's mask
Are all that God reveals in our life-scheme,
The last result of Nature's cosmic task.
A greater Presence in her bosom works;
Long it prepares its far epiphany:
Even in the stone and beast the godhead lurks,
A bright Persona of eternity.
It shall burst out from the limit traced by Mind
And make a witness of the prescient heart;
It shall reveal even in this inert blind
Nature, long veiled in each inconscient part,
Fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.

25-7-38
18,21-3-44

The Hidden Plan

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26.7.1938
21.3.1944

The Pilgrim of the Night

I made an assignation with the Night;
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:
In my breast carrying God's deathless light
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.
I left the glory of the illumined Mind
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind
To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.
I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime
And still that weary journeying knows no end;
Lost is the luminous godhead beyond Time,
There comes no voice of the celestial Friend,
And yet I know my footprints' track shall be
A pathway towards Immortality.

26.7.38
18.3.44

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26.7.1938
18.3.1944

Liberation

I have thrown from me the whirling dance of mind.
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;
Timeless and deathless beyond creature-kind,
The centre of my own eternity.

I have escaped and the small self is dead;
I am immortal, alone, ineffable;
I have gone out from the universe I made,
And I have grown nameless and immeasurable.

My mind is hushed in a wide and endless light,
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,
My sense unsnared by touch and sound and sight,
My body a point in white infinities.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Bliss:
No one I am, I who am all that is.

27.7.38
22.3.44

Liberation

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And stand now in the spirit's silence free;
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27.7.1938
22.3.1944

The Witness Spirit

I dwell in the spirit's calm nothing can move
And watch the actions of thy vast world-force,
Its mighty wings that through infinity move
And the Time-gallop of the deathless Horse.

This mute stupendous Energy that whirls
The stars and nebulae in its long train,
Like a huge Serpent through
With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain

It rises from the dim inconscient deep
Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep
The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still
Assenting to Thy all-wise inscrutable will.

17.7.38
27.3.48

The Witness Spirit

I DWELL in the spirit's calm nothing can move
And watch the actions of thy vast world-force,
Its mighty wings that through infinity move
And the Time-gallopings of the deathless Horse.

This mute stupendous Energy that whirls
The stars and nebulae in its long train,
Like a huge Serpent through my being curls[1]
With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain.

It rises from the dim inconscient deep
Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep
The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still
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27*.7.1938
21.3.1944

[1] restored from an earlier version
*26 (?)

3

The Inconscient

Out of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep
Of dim inconscient infinity
A Power arose from the insentient deep,
A flame-whorl of magician Energy.

Some huge somnambulist Intelligence
Devising without thought process and plan
Arrayed the burning stars' magnificence
The living bodies of beasts and the brains of man.

What stark Necessity, or ordered Chance
Became alive to know the cosmic whole?
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dance
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

The darkness was the Omnipotent's abode,
Hood of omniscience, a blind mask of God.

27.7.38
21.3.44

The Inconscient

OUT of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep
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27.7.1938
21.3.1944

Cosmic Consciousness

I have wrapped the wide world in my wider self
And Time and Space my spirit's seeing are.
I am the god and demon, ghost and elf,
I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.
All Nature is the nursling of my care,
I am its struggle and the eternal rest;
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear
The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.
I have learned a close identity with all,
Yet am by nothing bound that I become;
Carrying in me the universe's call
I mount to my imperishable home.
I pass beyond Time and life on measureless wings,
Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

28.7.38

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28.7.1938[1]

[1] 26.7.1938 (?)

Life-Unity

I ~~have~~ housed within my heart the life of things;
All hearts athrob in the world I felt as mine;
I shared the joy that in creation sings
And drank its sorrow like a poignant wine.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,
All passions poured through my world-self their waves;
One love I shared in a million bosoms expressed.
I am the beast man slays, the beast he saves.

I spread life's burning wings of rapture and pain;
Black fire and gold fire strove towards one bliss:
I rose by them towards a supernal plane
Of power and love and deathless ecstasies

A deep spiritual calm no touch can sway
Upholds the mystery of this Passion-play –

8-8-38
22-3-44

Life-Unity

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Upholds the mystery of this Passion-play.

8.8.1938
22.3.1944

The Golden Light

Thy golden Light came down into my brain
And the grey rooms of mind sun-touched became
A bright reply to Wisdom's occult plane,
A calm illumination and a flame.

Thy golden Light came down into my throat,
And all my speech is now a tune divine,
A paean song of Thee my single note;
My words are drunk with the Immortal's wine.

Thy golden Light came down into my heart
Smiting my life with Thy eternity;
Now has it grown a temple where Thou art
And all its passions point towards only Thee.

Thy golden Light came down into my feet:
My earth is now Thy playfield and Thy seat.

8-8-33
22-3-44

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8.8.1938
22.3.1944

Sonnets

The Infinite Adventure

On the waters of a nameless Infinite
My skiff is launched; I have left the human shore.
All fades behind me and I see before
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.
An unseen ~~Hand~~ controls my rudder. Night
Walls up the sea in a black corridor, —
An inconscient Hunger's lion plaint and roar
Or the ocean sleep of a dead Eremite.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek
Surround me; below me are the giant deeps.
Beyond, the invisible height no soul has trod.
I shall be merged in the Lonely and Unique
And wake into a sudden blaze of God,
The marvel and rapture of the Apocalypse.

1939. September

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11.9.1939

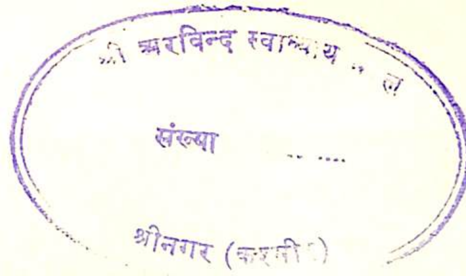
[1] the

The Greater Plan

I am held no more by life's alluring cry,
Her joy and grief, her charm, her laughter's lute.
Hushed are the magic moments of the flute,
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.
I would hear, in my spirit's wideness solitary
The Voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute:
I seek the wonder of things absolute
Born from the silence of Eternity.

There is a need within the soul of man
The splendours of the surface never sate;
For life and mind and their glory and debate
Are the slow prelude of a vaster theme,
A sketch confused of a supernal plan,
A preface to the epic of the Supreme.

1939. September.



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12.9.1939

The Universal Incarnation

There is a wisdom like a brooding Sun,
A Bliss in the heart's crypt grown fiery white,
The heart of a world in which all hearts are one,
A Silence on the mountains of delight,
A Calm that cradles Fate upon its knees;
A wide Compassion leans to embrace earth's pain;
A Witness dwells within our secrecies,
The incarnate Godhead in the body of man.

Our mind is a glimmering curtain of that Ray,
Our strength a parody of the Immortal's power,
Our joy a dreamer on the Eternal's way
Hunting the fugitive beauty of an hour.
Only on the heart's veiled door the word of flame
Is written, the secret and tremendous Name.

1939. September.

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12.9.1939

[1] unseizable

The Godhead

I sat behind the dance of Danger's hooves
  In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,
And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's groove,
  In me, enveloping me the body of Him.

Above my head a mighty head was seen,
  A face with the calm of immortality
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene
  In the vast circle of its sovereignty.

His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;
  The world was in His heart and He was I:
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,
  The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moment passed and all was as before;
Only that deathless memory I bore.

1939. September.

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Only that[1] deathless memory I bore.

13.9.1939

[1] its

The Stone Goddess

In a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me,—
A living Presence deathless and divine,
A Form that harboured all infinity.

The great World-Mother and her mighty will
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,
Mute in the desert and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,
Voiceless, inscrutable omniscient,
Hiding until our soul has seen, has heard
The secret of her strange embodiment,

One in the worshipper and the immobile shape,
A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

1939. September

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A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

13.9.1939

Krishna

At last I find a meaning of soul's birth
Into this universe terrible and sweet,
I who have felt the hungry heart of earth
Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.

I have seen the beauty of immortal eyes,
And heard the passion of the Lover's flute,
And known a deathless ecstasy's surprise
And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music draws,
Life shudders with a strange felicity;
All Nature is a wide enamoured pause
Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

1939 September

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15.9.1939

Shiva

On the white summit of eternity
    A single Soul of bare infinities,
    Guarded he keeps by a fire-screen of peace
His mystic loneliness of nude ecstasy.
But, touched by an immense delight to be,
    He looks across unending depths and sees
    Musing amid the inconscient silences
The Mighty Mother's dumb felicity.

Half now awake she rises to his glance;
    Then moved to circling by her heart-beats' will
        The rhythmic worlds describe that passion-dance.
Life springs in her and Mind is born; her face
    She lifts to Him who is Herself until
        The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace.

1939 September

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The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace.

16.9.1939

The Word of the Silence

A bare impersonal hush is now my mind,
A world of sight clear and inimitable,
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,
A greatness pure of thought, virgin of will.

Once on its pages Ignorance could write
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time
And cast giant-messages of ephemeral light,
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word
Born from the mute unseen omniscient Ray:
The Voice that only Silence' ear has heard
Leaps missioned from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from a wideness and unbroken peace
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

1939 September.

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18-19.9.1939

The Self's Infinity

I have become what before Time I was.
A secret touch has quieted thought and sense:
All things by the agent Mind created pass
Into a void and mute magnificence.

My life is a silence grasped by timeless hands;
The world is drowned in an immortal gaze.
Naked my spirit from its vestures stands;
I am alone with my own self for space.

My heart is a centre of infinity,
My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.
All being's huge abyss wakes under me,
Once screened in a gigantic Ignorance.

A momentless immensity pure and bare,
I stretch to an eternal everywhere.

1939 September

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18-19.9.1939

The Dual Being

There are two beings in my single self.
A Godhead watches Nature from behind
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,
A time-born creature with a human mind.

Tranquil and boundless like a sea or sky,
The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.
Radiant his mind and vast, his heart as free;
His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's passions driven,
Thoughtful and erring learns his human task;
All must be known and to that Greatness given,
This mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance
The screened Omniscient plays at Ignorance.

1939 September

The Dual Being

THERE are two beings in my single self.
    A Godhead watches Nature from behind
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,
    A time-born creature with a human mind.

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All must be known and to that Greatness given
    This mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance
The screened Omniscient plays at Ignorance.

19.9.1939

Lila

In us is the thousandfold Spirit who is one,
    An eternal thinker calm and great and wise;
A seer whose eye is an all-regarding sun,
    A poet of the cosmic mysteries.

A critic witness pierces everything
    And binds the fragments in his brilliant sheaf;
A world-adventurer borne on Destiny's wing
    Gambles with death and triumph, joy and grief.

A king of greatness and a slave of love,
    Host of the stars and guest in Nature's inn,
A high spectator Spirit throned above,
    A pawn of passion in the game divine,

One who has made in sport the suns and seas
Mirrors in our being his immense caprice.

193[illegible] September

Lila

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One who has made in sport the suns and seas
Mirrors in our being his immense caprice.

20.9.1939

Surrender

O Thou of whom I am the instrument,
O secret Spirit and Nature housed in me,
Let all my mortal being now be blent
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:
Let nothing of myself be left behind
In our union mystic and unalterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love
My body become Thy engine for earth-use;
In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;
My thoughts shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.
Keep
Leave of my soul to adore eternally
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee.

1930 September

Surrender

O THOU of whom I am the instrument,
O secret Spirit and Nature housed in me,
Let all my mortal being now be blent
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:
Let nothing of myself be left behind
In our union mystic and unutterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love;
My body become Thy engine for earth-use;
In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;
My thoughts shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.

Keep[1] only my soul to adore eternally
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee.

20.9.1939

[1] Leave

The Divine Worker

I face earth's happenings with an equal soul;
In all are heard Thy steps: Thy unseen feet
Tread Destiny's pathways in my front. Life's whole
Tremendous theorem is Thou complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:
My acts are Thine; I do Thy works and pass;
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,
Victory is Thy passage mirrored in Fortune's glass.

In this rude combat with the fate of man
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;
Thy Force in me labours at its grandiose plan,
Indifferent to the Time-snake's crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.
Thy presence is my immortality.

1939 September.

The Divine Worker

I FACE earth's happenings with an equal soul;
 In all are heard Thy steps: Thy unseen feet
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Thy presence is my immortality.

20.9.1939

The Guest

I have discovered my deep deathless being:
    Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,
    A god-spectator of the human scene.

~~The~~ No pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh
    Can tread that pure and voiceless sanctuary.
Danger and fear, Fate's hounds, slipping the leash
    Rend body and nerve, — the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,
    In the ~~deep~~ ~~dep~~ undying substance of my soul
Flamelike, inviolable the almighty Guest,
    Death never comes and Destiny takes her tolls;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

1939 September

The Guest

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 Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,
 A god-spectator of the human scene.

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Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,
 In the undying substance of my soul
Flamelike, inscrutable the almighty Guest.
 Death nearer comes and Destiny takes her toll;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

21.9.1939

The Inner Sovereign

Now more and more the Epiphany within
Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.
My mind has left its prison-camp of brain;
It pours, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Force of Life
Couched in my heart, to do what He shall bid,
Poising wide wings like a great hippogriff
On which the gods of the empyrean ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;
An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull case:
My darkness answers to His call of light.

Nature in me one day like Him shall sit
Victorious, calm, immortal infinite.

1939 September.

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Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.
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Nature in me one day like Him shall sit
Victorious, calm, immortal, infinite.

22.9.1939

A Dream of Surreal Science

One dreamed and saw a gland write Hamlet, drink
At the Mermaid, capture immortality;
A committee of hormones on the Aegean's brink
Composed the Iliad and the Odyssey.

A thyroid, meditating almost nude
Under the Bo tree, saw the eternal Light
And, rising from its mighty solitude,
Spoke of the Wheel and eightfold Path aright.

A brain by a dyspeptic stomach driven
Plundered through Europe, anguished, ruled and fell,
From St Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.
Thus mapped out the surreal world, until

A scientist played with atoms and blew out
The universe before God had time to shout.

September 25 1939

A Dream of Surreal Science

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At the Mermaid, capture immortality;
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A thyroid, meditating almost nude
Under the Bo-tree, saw the eternal Light
And, rising from its mighty solitude,
Spoke of the Wheel and eightfold Path all right.

A brain by a disordered stomach driven
Thundered through Europe, conquered, ruled and fell.
From St. Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.
Thus wagged on the surreal world, until

A scientist played with atoms and blew out
The universe before God had time to shout.

25.9.1939

Bliss of Identity

All Nature is taught in radiant ways to move,
All beings are in myself embraced.
O fiery boundless Heart of joy and love,
How art thou beating in a mortal's breast.

It is Thy rapture flowing through my nerves
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;
My body Thy vessel is and only serves
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am a centre of Thy golden light
And I its vast and vague circumference;
Thou art my soul great, luminous and white
And Thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;
My life is a throb of Thy eternity.

25. 9. 38.
21. 3. 44

Bliss of Identity

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My life is a throb of Thy eternity.

25.9.1938[1]
21.3.1944

[1] 25.7.1938 (?)

The Miracle of Birth

I saw my soul a traveller through Time;
From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,
Obscure in the depths and on the heights sublime,
Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.
The inconscient sunless Night received the flame,
In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn

Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape
Till on the stark inconscient earth ~~was born~~ [illegible],
Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep
A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,
The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone

1930. September

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To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.
The inconscient sunless Night received the flame,
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Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape
Till on the stark inanimate earth could move,
Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep,
A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,
The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone.

27-29.9.1939

The Body

This body which was once my universe,
Is now a pittance carried by the soul,—
Its Titan's motion bears this scanty purse,
Passing through vastness to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the giant need
That only infinitude can satisfy:
He keeps it still, for in the folds is hid
His secret passport to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space deploy
The landscape of their golden happenings;
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world conterminous
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

1939 October

The Body

THIS body which was once my universe,
    Is now a pittance carried by the soul,—
Its Titan's motion bears this scanty purse,
    Pacing through vastness to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the giant need
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How grown with all the world conterminous
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

2.10.1939

Liberation

My mind, my soul grow larger than all Space;
Time founders in that vastness glad and nude.
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance
In the glory of a white infinity
Beautiful and bare for the Immortal's dance,
House-room of my immense felicity.

In the thrilled happy giant void within
Thought lost in light and passion drowned in bliss,
Changing into a stillness hyaline,
Obey the edict of the Eternal's peace.

Life's now the Ineffable's dominion;
Nature is sealed and the spirit alone.

1939 October

Liberation

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Nature is ended and the spirit alone.

2-3.10.1939

Light

Light, endless Light! darkness has room no more,
Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy:
The huge inconscient depths unplumbed before
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!
Light, brooding Light! each sullen passionate cell
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves
A living sense of the Ineffable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

1939 October

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Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!
Light, brooding Light! each smitten passionate cell
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves
A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

3-4.10.1939

The Island Sun

I have sailed the golden ocean
And crossed the silver bar;
I have reached the Sun of knowledge,
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,
Its mountains of bare might,
Its peaks of fiery rapture,
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,
Its vales of Titan rest
Became my soul's dominion,
Its Island of the Blest.

Alone with God and silence,
Timeless it lived in Time;
Life was His fugue of music,
Thought was Truth's ardent rhyme.

The Light was still around me
When I came back to earth
Bringing the Immortal's knowledge
Into man's cave of birth.

October 3. 1939

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Into man's cave of birth.

3.10.1939[1]

[1] 13.10-.1939 (?)

Self

He said "I am egoless, spiritual, free,
Then swore because his dinner was not ready.
I asked him why. He said, "It is not me,
But the belly's hungry god who gets unsteady".
I asked him why. He said "It is his play.
I am unmoved within, desireless, pure.
I care not what may happen day by day."
I questioned him, "Are you so very sure?"
He answered, "I can understand your doubt:
But to be free is all. It does not matter
How you may kick and howl and rage and shout,
Making a row over your daily platter.
To be aware of self is liberty.
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

October 15. 1939

Self

HE said, "I am egoless, spiritual, free,"
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Making a row over your daily platter.

To be aware of self is liberty,
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

15.10.1939

Omnipresent

He is in me, round me, facing everywhere.
Self-walled in ego to exclude His right,
I stand upon its boundaries and stare
Into the frontiers of the Infinite.

Each finite thing I see is a façade;
From its windows looks at me the Illimitable.
In vain was my prison of separate body made;
His occult presence burns in every cell.

He has become my substance and my breath;
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.
My birth is His eternity's sign, my death
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb touch-yearnings are His sensuous abode;
In my heart's chamber lives the unworshipped God.

1939. October

Omnipresence

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My birth is His eternity's sign, my death
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb abysses are His screened abode;
In my heart's chamber lives the unworshipped God

17.10.1939

Adwaita

I walked on the high-wayed Seat of Solomon
Where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands
Facing Infinity from Time's edge, alone
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:
All had become one strange Unnamable,
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,
Topless and fathomless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Being's only word,
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,
On an incommunicable summit reigned,

A lonely Calm and void unchanging Peace
On the dumb crest of Nature's mysteries.

October
1939 ~~September~~

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19.10.1939

The Hill-top Temple

After unnumbered steps of a hill-stair
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun
The immobile Goddess in her house of stone
In a loneliness of meditating air.
Wise were the human hands that set her there
Above the world and Time's dominion;
The soul of all that lives, calm, pure, alone
Revealed its boundless self mystic and bare.

Our body is an epitome of some Vast
That masks its presence by our humanness.
In us the secret Spirit can indite
A page and summary of the Infinite,
A nodus of Eternity expressed
Lives in an image and a sculptured face.

1939 October

The Hill-top Temple

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A page and summary of the Infinite,
A nodus of Eternity expressed
Live in an image and a sculptured face.

21.10.1939

Because Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,
My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:
Thy sweetness haunts my heart through Nature's ways;
Nowhere it beats now from Thy snare immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:
The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;
Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow,—
And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.

Feb. 25.

BECAUSE Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,
My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is
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The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;
Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow
And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.

25.10.1939

Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:
My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;
A veil is rent and they no more can miss
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught
Each natural object is of Thee a part,
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart,

A masterwork of colour and design,
A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;
A burdened wonder of significant line
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

October 26

Divine Sight

EACH sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:
    My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;
A veil is rent and they no more can miss
    The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught
    Each natural object is of Thee a part,
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,
    A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart.

A master-work of colour and design,
    A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;
A burdened wonder of significant line
    Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

26.10.1939

The Unseen Infinite

Arisen to voiceless unattainable peaks
I meet no end, for all is boundless He,
An absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,
A Might, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the incommunicable dreadful dark Abyss
Are heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.
The insensible midnight veils His trance of bliss,
A fathomless sealed astonishment of Light.

In His ray that dazzles our vision everywhere,
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One:
Only the eyes of Immortality dare
To look unblinded on that living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Immortal's selves within,
Comrades and powers and children of the Unseen

1939 October

The Unseen Infinite

ARISEN to voiceless unattainable peaks
 I meet no end, for all is boundless He,
An absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,
 A Might, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the inconscient dreadful dumb Abyss
 Are heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.
The insensible midnight veils His trance of bliss,
 A fathomless sealed astonishment of Light.

In His ray that dazzles our vision everywhere,
 Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One:
Only the eyes of Immortality dare
 To look unblinded on that living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Immortal's selves within,
Comrades and powers and children of the Unseen.

October 1939

Despair on the Staircase

Mute stands she, lonely on the topmost stair,
An image of magnificent despair;
The grandeur of a sorrowful surmise
Wakes in the largeness of her glorious eyes.
In her beauty's dumb ~~vague~~ significant pose I find
The tragedy of her mysterious mind.
Yet is she stately, grandiose, full of grace.
A musing mask is her immobile face.
Her tail is up like an unconquered flag;
Its dignity knows not the ~~canine~~ slightest wag.
An animal creature wonderfully human,
A charm and miracle of fur-footed Brahman,
Whether she is spirit, woman or a cat
Is now the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939

Despair on the Staircase

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A charm and miracle of fur-footed Brahman,
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Is now the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939

Surely I take no more an earthly food
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,
And all the fragrances of earth disclose
A sweetness matching in intensity
Odour of the crimson marvel of the rose.

In every contact's deep invading thrill,
That lasts as if its source were infinite,
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss imperishable
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

November 1.

Divine Sense

SURELY I take no more an earthly food
    But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude
    From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,
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A sweetness matching in intensity
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In every contact's deep invading thrill,
    That lasts as if its source were infinite,
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    Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

1.11.1939

Man, the Deposit of Contrasts

I am greater than the greatness of the seas
A swift tornado of God-energy:
A helpless flower that quivers in the breeze
I am weaker than the reed one breaks with ease.

I heap all the wisdom of the wise
Lurking in a cave of stupendous Ignorance;
On a flame of righteousness I fix my eyes
While I wallow in ~~[illegible]~~ sweet sin ~~[illegible]~~ at Satan hell's dance.

My mind is brilliant like a full-orbed moon,
Its darkness is the cavern'd troglodyte's.
I gather long Time's wealth and squander soon;
I am an Epitome of opposites.

I visit repeated life-death's sleep surprise;
I am a transience of the eternities

Man, The Despot of Contraries

I AM greater than the greatness of the seas
    A swift tornado of God-energy:
A helpless flower that quivers in the breeze
    I am weaker than the reed one breaks with ease.

I harbour all the wisdom of the wise
    In my nature of stupendous Ignorance;
On a flame of righteousness I fix my eyes
    While I wallow in sweet sin and join hell's dance.

My mind is brilliant like a full-orbed moon,
    Its darkness is the caverned troglodyte's.
I gather long Time's wealth and squander soon;
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I with repeated life death's sleep surprise;
I am a transience of the eternities.

29.7.1940

The Children of Wotan

1940

"Where is the end of your armoured march, O children of Wotan?
Earth shudders with fear at your tread, the death-flame laughs in your eyes."
"We have seen the sign of Thor and the banner of new creation,
A seed of blood on the soil, a flower of blood in the skies.
We march to make of earth a hell and call it heaven.
The heart of mankind we have smitten with the whip of the sorrows sown;
The Mother of God lies bleeding in our black and gold sunrise."

"I hear the cry of a broken world, O children of Wotan."
"Question the volcano when it burns, chide the fire and bitumen!
Suffering is the food of our strength and torture the bliss of our entrails.
We are pitiless, mighty and glad, the gods fear our laughter inhuman.
Our hearts are heroic and hard; we wear the belt of Orion:
Our will has the edge of the thunderbolt, our acts the claws of the lion..
We rejoice in the pain we create as a man in the kiss of a woman."

"Have you seen your fate in the scales of God, O children of Wotan,
And the tail of the Dragon lashing the foam in far-off seas?"
"We mock at God, we have silenced the mutter of priests at his altar.
Our leader is master of Fate, medium of her mysteries.
We have made the mind a cypher, we have strangled Thought with a cord;
Dead now are pity and honour, strength only is Nature's lord.
We build a new world-order; our bombs shout Wotan's peace.

We are the javelins of Destiny, we are the children of Wotan,
We are the human Titans, the superman dreamed by the ages.
A cross of the beast and demoniac with the godhead of power and will,
We were born in humanity's sunset, to the Night is our pilgrimage.
On the bodies of perishing nations, mid the cry of the cataclysm coming,
To a music of bomb and shell and the aeroplanes' fatal humming,
We march, lit by Truth's death-pyre, to the world's satanic age."

1940 August.

The Children of Wotan (1940)

"WHERE is the end of your armoured march, O children of Wotan?
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"We have seen the sign of Thor and the hammer of new creation,
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1940 August

The Silver Call

There is a godhead of unrealised things
To which Time's splendid gains are hoarded dross;
A cry seems near, a rustle of silver wings
Calling to heavenly joy by earthly loss.

All eye has seen and all the ear has heard
Is a pale illusion by some greater voice
And mightier vision; no sweet sound or word
No passion of hues that make the heart rejoice
Can equal those divine epiphanies:
A Mind beyond our mind has sole the ken
Of those yet unimagined harmonies,
The fate and privilege of unborn men.
As rain-thrased mire the marvel of the rose,
Earth waits that distant marvel to disclose

193-(2)
23-7-1944

The Silver Call

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Of those yet unimagined harmonies,
The fate and privilege of unborn men.

As rain-thrashed mire the marvel of the rose,
Earth waits that distant marvel to disclose.

23.3.44

Contrasts

What opposites are here! A trivial life
Speaks the huge dream of Death called Matter; silence
In its struggle of weakness towards omnipotence,
A thinking mind starts from the unthinking strife
Indites the order of the electric elements.
Immortal life breathed in that monstrous death,
A mystery of knowledge wore the sheath
Matter's mute nescience. Its enveloped sense
Or dumb somnambulist will obscurely reigns
Driving the atoms in their cosmic course
Whose huge unknowing movement serves perforce
The works of a stranger blind omniscience.
The world's deep contrasts are but figures spun
Draping the unanimity of the One.

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The works of a strange blind omniscience.
The world's deep contrasts are but figures spun
Draping the unanimity of the One.

Man the Thinking Animal

A trifling unit in a boundless plan
Amidst the enormous insignificance
Of the unpeopled cosmos' fire-whirl dance,
Earth, as by accident, engendered man.
A creature of his own grey ignorance,
A mind half shadow and half gleam, a breath
That wrestles, captive in a world of death,
To live some lame brief years. Yet his advance,
Attempt of the divinity within,
A consciousness in the inconscient Night,
To realise its own supernal Light
Confronts the ruthless forces of the Unseen.
Aspiring to godhead from insensible clay
He travels slow-footed towards the eternal day.

Man the Thinking Animal

A TRIFLING unit in a boundless plan
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6 Evolution

I passed into a lucent still abode
And saw as in a mirror crystalline
The ancient Force ascending serpentine
Of the ascending spirals of the aeonic road.
Earth was a cradle for the growing god
And there but a half-dark half-luminous sign
Of the transition of the veiled Divine
From Matter's sleep and the tormented load
Of ignorant Life and dazzled to the Spirit's light.
Mind liberated swam Light's ocean vast,
And Life escaped from its grey tortured line;
I saw Matter illumining its parent Night.
The soul could feel into infinity cast
Timeless God-bliss the heart incarnadine

193-(?)
22.3.44

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And saw as in a mirror crystalline
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Of the ascending[1] spirals of the aeonic road.
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22.3.1944

[1] unhasting

